

mmaculate, leather-backed, d "sets," but rows of dingy,

"Say, Aunt Maggie." "Yes, dear." "Can I come fer live with you?" "Certainly not?" The bilthe voice and pleasant smile took all the sting from the prompt refusal. "What would father and mother do?" "Oh, they wouldn't mind." "They wouldn't. Maybe pa wouldn't. And I'd like it." "Nousense, Benny!" Miss Maggie and there was a plain b

Benny !!! Miss

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CHAPTER VII
all.

Poor Maggie and Some Others
told himself that it was the records that attracted him. But he did not always
all.

T WAS half an hour later, when Mr.
Somethand Benny were walking across that copy records. Sometimes he just sat in swatched Miss Maggie content if she the did not always
all.

T WAS half an hour later, when Mr.
Somethand Benny were walking across the comfortable chairs and watched Miss Maggie content if she the did not always for the Allied forces to decide on your seven the and and the way her hair waved the.
He liked the way she carried her head, and the way her hair waved for the due of the could be haded the quiet strength of the way may for the allied forces to be the beat, wave from her shapely forehead. He liked the quiet strength of the way her name will be the could be haded the quiet strength of the way the name will be the could be haded the guiet strength of the way the name will be the could be haded the guiet strength of the way the name will be the due to the strength of the way the name will be the could be haded the guiet strength of the way the name will be the could be haded the guiet strength of the way the name will be the could be haded the guiet strength of the way the strength of the way

DESTRUCTION OF S LOCAL

What They Miss They send us pocket Bibles,

To make us lads behave, They send us bright trench mirrors, To help us when we shave; Powders for our face and feet, Cold creams and camphor ice But never any poison For the hungry army lice.

They send us double-mint, It's really very nice. They send us litle sewing kits, With which we sew and splice; Wrist watches and bright wristlets. And ukes on which to strum, But never any polson For the hungry army crumb.

Oh, yes, dear friends, we's got them, And we've got them mighty bad, The pesky things keep biting, Till they almost drive us mad; They're after us continually, Morning, noon and night, And every time they grab a chunk, We know old "Sherm" was right. --Corporal "Jerry" Jerome, Headquarters Company. -Budgettes

PERFECTION

Tomorrow will be told the results

ODD FILMS FROM

E'S CAMERA



....

was arranging into piles the pa-efore him. He complianed of the and Miss Maggie shut the win-He said then that he states win-He said then that he didn't mean inted to suffocate, and she opened one on the other side. The clock mardly-struck three when Te accused of having forgotten his medicine. when she brought it he refused to it. She had not brought the right of spoon, he said, and she knew etty well he never took it out of marrow-bowk kind. He complained he light, and she lowered the cur-i but he told her that he didn't he didn't want to see at all, so put it up haifway. He said his was too warm, and she brought her one. He put it on grudgingly. he declared that it-was as much too as the other was too thlok.

i the other was too thick. Smith, in spite of his efforts to itely deaf and blind, found him-uple to confine his attention to itely deaf and blind, found him-nable to confine his attention to death and marriage notices. Once four uttered an explosive "Good is, how do you stand it?" to his But he stopped himself just and fiercely wrote with a very mark that Submit Bhissdell was a 1801. A fittle later he became that Mr. Duff's attention was inself.

you will spend your time over demanued the old man

as it wouldn't fit my pocket." r. Smith. what business of yours is it. when these people lived and

perhaps." still smiled Mr. d-humoredly. sm't you let them alone, then? ou expect to find?" -I-" Mr. Smith was plainly

an tell you it's a silly busi-er you find. If you find your a a bigger man than you e proud of it, but you oughi red of it—'cause you aren't silt. On the other hand, if an't as big as you are, you'll of that, when you ought to it.—'cauge you've gone him But yos won't. I know Pre even you before. But any work, real work?"

"All the more reason, then, why you should like to do them here. See, where does this dog's head go?" ... "Listlessly Benny took the bit of pic-tured wood in his fingers and began to fit it into the pattern before him. "I used ter do 'em an' leave 'em 'round, but ma says I can't now. Callers might come and find 'em, an' what would they say-on the West Side! An' that's the way 't is with everything. Ma an' Bess way 't a with every careful an' not get It why. They never come-not new ones." "Yes, yee, dear: but they will, when they get acquainted. You haven't found whore the dog's head goes yet." "'Pa says he don't mind baked beans, an' shirt sheves, an' doin' yer own work."

"CAP" STUBBS-It Certainly Would

Interest weight of the set of t

Answers.

-:-

Great demand for the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER may cause you to miss an installment of this very interesting story. You had better therefore, telephone or write to the Circulation Department or ask your ewadealer this aftern the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER at your home.

...

-The Passing Show His Mother-But is she a thoughtful girl, Aubrey? Aubrey-Thoughtful? Rather, mother! She keeps a box of cigarettes in every room of their house, and she never forgets to offer me a drink.

Famous American Yarn Rehashed

records in the way of small populations. story clipped from London Tit-Bits: The general manager of a recently pared by his young wife, constructed electric railway complained were too long-too wordy.

"Cut 'em short," said the busy man- cover it !"

was: "Offagin. Onagin. Awayagin. Fin- rather short !"-Tit-Bits.

negin."

Made the Crust Short Strickland Gillian, lecturer and hu-morist, will be interested in this little Mr. Freshwed superintended the dis-piece exactly appropriate. posal of their first evening meal pre-

"Say." he grumbled, as he glared, to one of his subordinates, an Irishman, knife in hand, at a minute specimen of that his reports of trouble on the line cookery for two, "what's the matter with the crust of this pie? It doesn't half

"Why, dearest." answered the anxious The Saturday Journal, The subordinate's next report of a young wife, as she came and gazed at train off the line satisfied all hands. It ft, "I thought you'd be pleased! Your mother said you always liked the crust

Embellishments

date made about the land the other "There's too much fat on that night." But Farmer Wellwater was not to be

impressed "H'm ! Dare say it were," he grunted, "but a couple o' nights o' good, warmrain would ha' dong a heap more good."

plained of the foam on a glass of beer."-Washington Star. three?-Pearson's Weekly. -Ideas. - : -•:• -:-•:•

By EDWINA -:-

beefsteak," said the customer. Traveler (in train, to old Irishwoman)-That's the Forth Bridge. Old Irishwoman-Indade, now. of old railway-carriages, even the chapel An' pwhat became of the other being composed of four horse-trucks .----

Buckland-in-the-Moor is another unique village. It has no doctor. - It has no clergyman. It has no pauper. Information Wanted The population numbers something less than 100. Perhaps the quaintest village of all in England is one which consists entirely

"A sign of its quality." replied the salesman. "You never com-



The Sailor Obliged

Young Mr. Hallowell was not much of a preacher, but, much to his own surprise and everybody else's, he was appointed chaplain on a battleship. desired to amuse as well as instruct his men, and to that end he arranged a magic-lantern lecture on Bible scenes and incidents.

A sallor who possessed a gramophone was secured to discourse appropriate music between the slides. The first picture shown was Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. The sailor cuegeled his brains and ran through his repertoire, but he could think of no

"Play up, play up," whispered the chaplain.

Suddenly an inspiration struck the sailor, and to the consternation of the chaplain and the delight of the audience the gramophone squawked out: "There is only one girl in this world for me."-

Not Impressed

"But you must admit," urged the canvasser for the local candidate, "that it was a jolly long, fine speech our candi-